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VOL. 5. NO. 126

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A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY LE GENTILHOMME BLASE.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

"You say that quarter-past twelve is the hour?" observed Mr. PETERS, reflectively, patting the head against his shoulder in a somewhat paternal manner.

"Yes, dear BOB; and I wish I could be sure of pa's going to bed earlier than that; for I know it will be hard for you to go out into the street at that time of night. You are not accustomed to such late hours at home."

And, indeed, he was not; for Mr. BOB PETERS's "hours" at home were apt to be considerably later, especially when he went into morning for some dear friend.

"Sweet innocence!" exclaimed the young man, much affected by this evidence of thoughtfulness in his behalf, "your kindness almost makes me forget the treatment I have experienced at the hands of your being's author."

"I think you can get off next Sunday night," continued LIBBY, "if brother is sergeant of the guard; for he promised to see that you got across the bridge and past the patrol. JOCKO will open the street door for you when you start; and I want you to send me word, if you can, after you get to New-York, what kind of bonnets they're going to wear this summer."

"Dear girl!" murmured BOB, fondly, "I'll find out the style and mention it to one of our Generals, who will let you know by note, as soon as he arrives here."

"Dear BOB!—but I must go now. Is there anythlng I can send you to make you more comfortable?"

As they stood there facing each other, Mr. BOB PETERS closed his right eye for an instant, and suffered the muscles of his mouth to relax, thereby expressing some want too deep for words.

"You shall have it," said the young girl, turning to leave the room. At the door she was met by JOCKO, who entered as she passed out, for the ostensible purpose of removing the remains of the captive's recent surreptitious breakfast.

The sound of the maiden's light footsteps soon died away in the passage, like the vibrations of a high-strung instrument in a passage of music, and the two men stood alone together.

There they were—the White and the Black: the one a freeman in all save being deprived of his liberty; the other a slave in all save being unrestricted of his freedom. Who could tell what was working in the mind of each? Who should draw the line between those men, when all was dark for the white and a luckless wight was the black? Who should say the white man was anything better than the black man, that the latter should bear the bonds of slavery—bonds as hard to bear even as Confederate bonds? Look at inanimate nature. Is it not the *White* of an egg that bears the yolk? Then why should the white man turn the yoke altogether over to the black man? But I must refuse to follow out this great metaphysical question any further. The weather is too warm. I will leave it to the Awful and Unfathomable German Mind, which delights to toy heavily with the elephants of Thought.

"Mas'r," said JOCKO, handing a folded paper to the fugitive prisoner, "dis was gub to me for you by my chile, EFRUM, dat b'longs to Missus ADAMS; and I hope, Mas'r, dat you will read um with fear an' trem'lin', for de Lor' is berry good to let you lib in your great sins, Mas'r."

How beautiful, *mon ami*, is that strong spirit of piety we often find developed in the uncultivated, like the rich oyster found on the barren sea-shore. Taken in connection with the children of HAM, it is as mustard to a sandwich, for moving us to occasional tears.

Mr. BOB PETERS waved the faithful black from his presence, and read the note, which ran thus:

MR. PETERS,—SIR.—Though, as a daughter of the Sonny South, I cannot but regard you as a traitor to our country, the memory of past hours in my soul-life induces me to act toward you as a heart-friend. I have heard, through those faithful beings of which your friends would rob and murder us, that you are a prisoner, and will save you. Contrive to get out of the house in some way on Sunday (to morrow) evening, at a *quarter of twelve*, and you will find those waiting for you who will deliver you for a time from our vengeance. It is the impulsive heart-throb of a weak woman that bids me do this—not the spirit-aspiration of the Southern daughter. "EVE ADAMS."

Mr. BOB PETERS lowered the hand holding the note until it rested heavily on his right knee, and gazed before him, as he sat on his couch, with a puzzled expression of countenance. He had been sitting in this way, perfectly motionless, for five minutes perhaps, when the door was gently pushed open a few inches, a dainty white hand came through the aperture, deposited a mysterious black bottle on the floor very softly, and disappeared as it came.

In an instant, Mr. PETERS sprang to his feet, dashed the note to the ground, seized the bottle, and immediately applied it to his lips with great enthusiasm.

His Mistress had understood that last subtle glance he gave her. With the wonderful insight of man's deeper nature peculiar to girls about eighteen years old, she had divined the one thing required to make the captive comfortable.

Oh, woman, woman! In the language of a revised poet—

> "Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> Ah, what were man!—a world without a son."

CHAPTER III.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The ADAMSES resided in one of the aristocratic by-ways crossing Main Street, and were directly descended from those distinguished and chivalric *anciens pauvres* of the Old Dominion, who boasted the blood of the English cavaliers, and were a terror to their foes and creditors. ADAMS, the husband and father, was a fine specimen of the Southern gentleman in his day, possessing an estate in Louisa County so completely covered with mortgages that no heir could get to it, and having won great fame by inventing an entirely new and singularly humorous oath for the benefit of a Yankee governess, when that despised hireling presumed to ask for a portion of her last year's salary. He might have lived to a green old age, but for the extraordinary joy he experienced at having negotiated a second mortgage on some property not worth quite half the first, which filled this worthy man with such exceeding great joy, that he drank rather more at a sitting than would start an ordinary hotel-bar, and died soon after of *delirium tremens*, as such noble and chivalric souls are very apt to do. The family left by the lamented ADAMS consisting of a wife and one child—a daughter, at once assumed the most becoming style of mourning, moved in a funeral procession through society for six months, and then resigned themselves to the will of Providence with that beautiful cheerfulness which may either denote a high order of Christianity, or a low order of memory, as the case may be.

At the period of which the present veracious history treats, the bereaved mother and daughter were living in subdued style in the locality designated above. Among their most intimate associates were the ORDETHS, between whose family and theirs there existed that pleasing and kindly familiarity which permits the most open recognition of mutual virtues in society and the most searching criticism of individual weaknesses at home. The ADAMSES and ORDETHS met at each others houses with gushes of endearment that edified all beholders; and if Miss EVE said to her mother on their way home from church that LIBBY ORDETH looked like a perfect fright in that ridiculous new bonnet of hers, it was only because her affectionate heart felt a pang at seeing her bosom-friend appear to less advantage than her own self-sacrificing self.

It is a touching peculiarity of this modern friendship, *mon ami*, that a majority of the errors its fairest votaries detect in each other, are those of the head—not of the heart. EVE ADAMS, whose diminutive size had given occasion to the *mot* by which she was denominated the "Widow's Mite," was calling at the ORDETHS when Mr. BOB PETERS first came in under a flag of truce from Fortress Monroe, and was witness to the chivalric reception accorded to that gentleman by his relatives, before his pecuniary mission was known. In the exuberance of his nature, Mr. PETERS had kissed her with the rest of the family, and from the moment of receiving that chaste salutation, EVE had selected the Northern stranger as her hero in that ideal novel of spiritual yellow-covers in which all maidens live, and move and have their beings until stern reality bursts upon them in the shape of a husband or a snub.

From thenceforth she was a frequent visitor at the ORDETHS, and laid close siege to the gay ROBERT'S heart with all the languishment deemed necessary in such cases, and a tremendous flirtation was going on before the maiden discovered that the affections of the youth were already given to another. Then came a revulsion of feeling, opening the eyes of the Widow's Mite to the fact that Mr. BOB PETERS was a thieving abolitionist, unworthy the toleration of any true daughter of the South. After this overpowering revelation, it was the first thought of EVE ADAMS to at once inform the festive PETERS of the utter detestation in which she held him, and a favorable opportunity soon offered. At a social gathering at the ORDETH'S, she had withdrawn for a moment to an ante-room for the purpose of drawing from her bosom an elegant silver snuff-box, dipping therein a small brush, and subsequently applying the same to her pearly teeth, when Mr. BOB PETERS entered unannounced and agreeably demanded a "pinch." The situation was favorable to an avowal of enmity, and a suitable expression was rising to the lips of the maiden, when the thought of a still

A SKETCH IN NEW ORLEANS.

Federal Officer, (to Hotel Clerk)—"LET US HAVE GOOD ROOMS, ON THE FIRST FLOOR. WE SHALL REMAIN SOME TIME PROBABLY, AND SPEND LOTS OF YOUR OWN CONFEDERATE MONEY IN THE HOUSE!" *(Hotel Clerk doesn't quite relish the point of the joke.)*

keener revenge kept her silent, and she contented herself with a temporary sneer and a majestic exit from the apartment.

It was soon after this incident that Mr. BOB PETERS's presentation to Mr. ORDETH of the bill of furniture which he had been empowered to collect by a New York house, reminded the latter that it was his duty, as a patriot, to sacrifice even his cousin's son for the good of the Confederacy. With the stern self-devotion of an ancient Roman, Mr. ORDETH not only accused his hapless relative of flagrant Abolitionism, but at once made arrangements with the military authorities for that relative's immediate incarceration as an enemy to the Commonwealth. An enemy to the Commonwealth of Virginia must be indeed an unnatural wretch; for no such wealth is known to be in existence just now, and enmity to the dead is a thing inexcusable. It was a crime of which Mr. BOB PETERS was incapable: yet would he have suffered for it had not the devoted LIBBY concealed him in the hour of danger.

Of this concealment, Miss EVE had learned from EFRUM, the son of JOCKO, though she knew not how long it was

To be Continued.

Which Reminds us of a Little Story.

The Mayor of New Orleans, in surrendering that thrifty municipality to Commodore FARRAGUT, intimates that the act is wholly due to compulsion—in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he surrenders the City because he can't help himself. He adds that his people are "sensitive," and gives us to understand that although conquered, they still repudiate, as idiotically as ever, the Star Spangled Banner. This reminds us of the perverse inebriate, who having fallen under the festive board at a disgracefully early hour, was strongly urged by his friends to go out and take the air. "Never," he said—a billion times never!" But they nevertheless took him quietly up and set him out on the doorstone. "I'm out here," he said "by Brute force. Thaz way (hic) I'm *out* here; but 'f yer shink I'm goin' (hic) to *take er air*, yer very mush 'staken!"

Requires Explanation.

A telegram from the division of General BANKS contains the following statement:

"Deserters and prisoners continue to come in. Several important cases have been forwarded by the Provost Marshal to Washington.

Are we to infer from the above that deserters and prisoners are packed like dry-goods, in cases, for transmission to Washington? The matter should be explained at once, by the proper authorities; else, should the Secession journals get hold of the idea, they will make use of it as an offset against the Federal reports of their savage treatment of prisoners.

Contradictory.

Who are we to believe in these chequered times, and what? One newspaper man tells us that Mobile is to be taken by Water, while another insists that it has already been taken by PORTER.

He Couldn't Have Done It.

A PIECE OF SHAKESPERIAN PLAYFULNESS, SUPPOSED TO BE FROM THE PEN OF R$_{ooooo}$D G$_{ooo}$T W$_{ooo}$E.

Our friend EPICURUS sometimes indulges in a *mot*. Having supped one evening on anything but "funeral-baked meats," at the upper DELMONICO'S, he remarked the next morning, rather dejectedly, that SHAKESPEARE would never have written the line

TRUFFLES light as air,

if he had been in the habit of eating them. He couldn't have done it.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY AN OLD WOMAN OUT OF BREATH.

My goodness—gracious! *Is* that fearful—thing—
  Bu'sted?—How inexpressible—I feel!
Blowed up—and *sunk*?—Well, I declare to man—
  'Tis enough—to make a feelin' woman—reel!

My patience—how I've—lied awake o' nights:
  Oh dear!—my breath's all gone!—a-thinkin' on't!
I thought of movin straight to cousin JOE'S—
  In Huckleberry County—in Vermont.

They said New York wasn't safe!—if that thing come!
  Nothing could stop it!—Oh, my! how I do talk!—
'Twould set us all afire!—them shells'd throw
  Everybody's things—out on the walk!

Oh dear!—I've heerd my father tell—how things:—
  Oh, where's my fan?—I shall sink to the ground!—
They didn't hev, in—Revolution times—
  No murdering iron things—a steaming round!

They fit with guns—and other Christian—things
  Like Decatur—Perry—and that air Paul Jones!
No Merrimac—and Monitor things—went round—
  A-giving folks—the agur in their—bones!

My patience!—I'm so glad that—thing's blowed up!
  Nothing has made me narvous—but that one thing!
I hope they'll keep to Christian—warfare, now,
  For regular sleep's so nessary—in the spring.

The Dog Show.

It has been well observed by our friend SHAKESPEARE, that there is a "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Barnum's tide just now must be considerably high: at any rate, many heavy Barks have been noticed at the Museum.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

EVERY dog, who was any dog used to wag his tail in recognition of the immutable old statute by which he was declared to be entitled to his day. But the rising generation of dogs, like that of men, has its own dogmas on the subject of life; and so it came to pass that the dogs of New York City and its environs, made a six days wonder of it at BARNUM'S, last week. It was not without a glimmering of his usual sagacity that the great Showman thus prepared his public with pups for his approaching exhibition of babies. Bark is a good tonic; and BARNUM has cunningly provided us with it, in order that we may devour the babies with greater relish when he serves them up.

Passing lightly over the fact that we received a cut upon the legs from a whip in the hands of Commodore NUTT, who was employed in coercing a large dog with it, we took our stand before an object which first struck us as being the original Egyptian Sphynx, come over on a visit to BARNUM, but which turned out, after all, to be FRANK BUTLER'S immense Siberian Bloodhound, among whose valuable properties may be mentioned the first premium of $1,000 paid down to him on the spot—of which he has a great many—by Mr. BARNUM.

A monochromatic creature, of the kind known as the Yellow Dog, next arrested our attention. Its limbs were altogether out of drawing; but it was placed so low down that we were unable to appreciate all its depravities. In justice to the owner we must express our opinion that this animal ought to have been hung a good deal higher up.

The specimen called a Scottish Deer Hound did not recall to us very forcibly anything ever seen by LANDSEER, or any other Seer. It would be a Dear bargain, at any price, to anybody weak enough to take it for a Deer hound.

What did somebody mean by introducing a large, hairy, nondescript animal to the public as an Irish Wolf Dog? There were but two or three representatives of that kind of dog in existence, at late dates, and they belonged to the Marquis of Sligo. They were large, indeed, but the reverse of hairy, and by no manner of means nondescript. Possibly the exhibitor meant this as a Sly Go, to astonish the BROWNES. N. B.—BROWNE is the family name of the Marquis of Sligo, as it is also that of ARTEMUS WARD.

The Pugs were not represented at all—perhaps on account of the absence of the Benicia Boy in England.

As a specimen of the perfection to which the art of manufacturing dogs has been brought, we were much interested in a Double-nosed Setter. This animal was evidently crossed, more or less, with a double-barrelled gun.

The Mont St. Bernard Dogs, although much awed, of course, at the majestic figure cut by Commodore NUTT with his whip—we have already mentioned that he cut us upon the leg with it, we think—breathed a fine Alpine atmosphere around. They are well-fed and otherwise monastic animals, and seemed to be greatly admired by a group of elegant ladies, though whether the latter were Convent Belles, or not, we are unable to say.

The Boar Hound is a credit to his parents; but he seems weary for want of work. If he would only take our advice, and alter the spelling of his name to Bore Hound, what a splendid field for his talents would be open to him in Congress!

It was instructive to remark the effects of BARNUM'S famous band upon the different animals exhibited. For instance, an English Bull-Dog howled his dissatisfaction very dismally, when the pleasant strains of Yankee Doodle meandered through the dim, religious halls; while the Italian Greyhounds beat time accurately with their tails through the whole overture to *Il Trovatore*; and the Spanish Pointer, noble beast, made some very pointed objections to the manner in which a *guaracha* was interpreted by the *cornet-à-piston*. That dog evidently understood counter-point.

On the third day of the exhibition, a great many fighting dogs were introduced. One of these was of remarkable appearance, having the slender, sinewy form of a greyhound, long legs, a round bullet head, and an unmistakeably pugnacious expression of face. An artist, of the "special" kind, was engaged in sketching this animal, whose portrait will probably appear in one of the heavy illustrated hebdomadals as that of Parson BROWNLOW.

There was a mongrel animal, of no particular note, on exhibition chiefly for his name. He was picked up by one of the Federal officers, on a Southern battle-field, and, having refused to take the oath of allegiance, was named JEFF. DAVIS, and expressed up for BARNUM'S show. We should like to see this fellow turned loose into a pit with the dog described in the foregoing paragraph, and to bet a good deal of money with some great capitalist that the Parson would win the fight in the first round.

Toward noon, refreshments, of rather a meagre kind, however, were handed round among the sagacious creatures on battered trays. Air from band very appropriate to the occasion—"Poor Dog Tray."

The premium Skye Terrier of the show, appeared to be rather under a cloud. He persisted in combing his hair over his eyes, and would not be comforted even when the watcher of the Skyes came round with a drink for him. The Skyes are proverbially fickle, and when they look very blue squalls may be expected.

The English Greyhounds—which may well be looked upon as the representative of the English Fleet—were evidently quite out of sorts in consequence of something or another. Perhaps it was because the *Monitor* has knocked the English Fleet on the head: perhaps because they expected an entertainment in regular Courses, and "didn't see it." We watched these animals closely as they exchanged wags of their tail with the French Poodles, but could not detect anything in their caudal expressions from which we might infer an understanding between England and France with regard to intervention in American affairs.

To the keen observer of canine character it must have been interesting to remark that though many of the Blood Hounds looked sheepish, none of the Sheep Dogs looked bloodish. Among the latter may be classed, we suppose, a beast entered as a German Cattle Driver—a brindled creature of the bull-dog type. This animal was described upon his label as "very scarce," an assurance which must bring comfort and satisfaction to every well-regulated mind.

We regret that our space prevents us from reproducing the charming characteristic couplets dedicated to each variety of dog. They are evidently the productions of a master mind: possibly those of a master-of-dogs mind: indubitably those of the mind of a master of doggrel.

It will please the followers of AQUARIUS to hear that no drink stronger than water was served to the children of SIRIUS. We heard it stated, indeed, that there was an infusion of Wolfe's Schnapps in the beverage lapped by the Shepherd-dogs and larger hounds, but of this we have no certain information.

In conclusion, let us respectfully inform the matrons of America, that our mind is now fully prepared for anything to which they can treat us in the way of Babies.

"With all the Modern Improvements."

When lodging-house keepers advertise for boarders, it is usual for them to include "hot and cold water" among the inducements held forth. We are glad to find that the luxury of hot water has been added to the other accommodations of our war-steamers, with such machinery as to make it available for boarders at a moment's notice. This "modern improvement" was fully tested on the Mississippi, a few days ago, by some intending boarders from the rebel ram, *Mallory*, who went to board and lodge upon the Steamer Cincinnati, the captain of which first obligingly introduced them to the hot bath, and afterwards assisted them in the process of "drying up."

"Not that Man, but another Man."

Several of our daily journals have been dealing rather bitterly with Mr. ALFRED MUNROE, Tailleur,—late of this city, but at present residing in New Orleans, awkwardly supposing that gentleman to be the rebel Mayor whom General BUTLER has recently taken into his own family. This is doing great injustice to Mr. ALFRED MUNROE, Tailleur, for the other MUNROE isn't even the twentieth part of a man, to say nothing about his being a ninth.

Marksmanship.

The Brooklyn papers publish a story of a Brooklyn Policeman who shot with his revolver, at a cat, seven times, before killing the furious animal. As there are about two hundred cats in the immediate vicinity of our boarding house, this is to request the early attendance of the above named warrior, with fourteen hundred rounds of ammunition.

From the Rural Districts.

A friend of ours, who is acquainted with navigation, having read in the papers, that "the yards of the school-ship JOHN ADAMS have been sent aloft," wishes to know "if these yards are the boys' play-grounds." Not to speak of.

JUST SO.

Slim Party.—"THE IDEA OF THAT FAT MRS. FLANNIKIN WEARING SHORT SACKS! NOW, ON GENTEEL FIGURES LIKE YOURS AND MINE, DEAR, THEY ARE CHARMING!"

Hurray for Us!

Mr. STOREY, the American artist, has carried off the honors of Sculpture at the Exhibition in London, as another American did in 1851. European nations have certainly attained a high degree of eminence in the arts of civilization, but America, on this occasion at least, happens to be one Story higher than anything their Royal Houses can show.

The Rebel Ixions.

The Secesh leaders, who are continually erecting works, to abandon them as soon as finished, put us in mind of the idiotic acrobat who does the coach-wheel business in Tartarus. Their forte, like his rôle, is unproductive labor; and in honor of their great exemplar, the revolutionary hero of Hades, they should be called Ixions, instead of Dixie-ans.

Why Not?

Since Mr. BATEMAN'S impersonation of the Welsh Bard, in *Geraldine*, is regarded by every one who has seen it, as the rarest bit of acting we have had for a long time, our Highly Absurd Contributor thinks it would be a good idea to designate it a Welsh Rarebit.

Shakespeare Adapted to Present Exigencies.

The Divine Williams was "not for a day, but for all time." Who, that has listened spell-bound to the tragedy of Richard III, does not recognise as *apropos* to things immediate, the remarkable exclamation,—"Richmond is on the Seize?"

SAD CASE OF PICTORIAL PARALYSIS.

(FROM A BOTHERED CONTRIBUTOR.)

To The Editor of VANITY FAIR, Sir; I take all the Pictorial Papers, Daily and Weekly, and am in such a state of mind as never was. You buy a Map of the Seat of War, for instance, spotted all over with letters, as if it had the measles. Dotted lines running in every direction. Big blots to represent forts. Little blots to represent camps. Spider trenches—intoxicated spiders, too, to represent roads. Smooches to represent water. Cyphers to represent where BURNSIDE was last week. More cyphers to represent where he will be next week. It's all a muddle. Upon my honor, it took me five hours to find the Great Chickahominy River; and as for Court-Houses, there are about ten thousand in Virginia alone. It's a pity, with so many of them, that they shouldn't have a little more law. I am for using these confounded Court-Houses I am; and the ropes, and the other apparatus thereunto belonging.

Then as to Portraits. What's the reason one Brigadier in the Pictorials looks exactly like another? It's all epaulettes, except what's buttons. You'd think all the Brigadiers were twin-brothers, and born like Minerva, in full regimental rig.

Then as to Battles. What's the reason one Battle in the Pictorials is exactly like another? Seven men in havelocks running east. Four men in their shirt-sleeves, rushing west. One old horse, with "U. S." on his flank, tumbling over. Six slaughtered horses in one corner. Three men and a gun in the center. Lot of Secession Officers biting the dust. Bomb in the distance exploding. Flags flying all over the lot.

Then as to Camp Scenes. Sentinel in one corner. Private smoking his pipe in another. Pot of something boiling in the centre. Seven miles of tents in a row.

Then as to Contraband Scenes. Black man playing the banjo. Black woman washing the Colonel's shirt. Black boy cleaning potatoes,

Then as to Naval Scenes. Big ship in the middle. Seven little ships in the distance. An atmosphere highly spotted with shells. Dreadful explosion in each corner. Boat upset, three tarpaulin hats floating on the briny.

And this, I suppose is called the Art of War. These I suppose, are National Cuts. These are your Plated Ships. This is drawing the Enemy's Fire—is it?

Are you acquainted with statistics? Then will you tell me how many square miles of uniform have been engraved for *Harper* during the last year? how many leagues of swords? how many bushels of buttons? how many cubic feet of cocked hats? how many billions of bayonets?

And if you are not too modest, dear V. F., will you tell me why, to this day, not a single Pictorial Paper has published your own portrait, although you are, as everybody knows, the principal military writer of the century?

I am most tenderly, your friend and admirer,

BENJAMIN BARNACLES.

AN EVERLASTING LAST WILL.

There has been something else done by the Pennsylvania Courts to STEPHEN GIRARD'S Last Will and Testament. There is always something doing to it; sometimes it is reversed; sometimes it is sustained; then again it is knocked on the head; then it is brought to life again; sometimes the kin are to have everything; sometimes the college. When we were a child, that Will Case was in court; now that we are venerable, that Will Case continues bobbing around like a Will o' the Wisp. We don't pretend to understand it; we don't wish to understand it; it's all a muddle of rebutters and sur-rebutters, and joinders and non-joinders, and rejoinders, and traverses, and motions, and records, and entries, and cross-bills, and supplementary bills, and the Lord (COKE) knows what beside. Our only object in referring to this mixed matter, is to express our hearty thanks to STEPHEN GIRARD'S ghost, for not leaving us a penny; and if any other Man of Money about to famose this earthly rancho, thinks of willing us anything, all we have to say, with tears in our eyes, is "DON'T DO IT!"

THIS IS WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

A YEAR AGO, WHEN MR. LINCOLN ISSUED HIS PROCLAMATION FOR 75,000 SOLDIERS, IT WAS READ IN THE REBEL CONGRESS, "AMID JEERS AND LAUGHTER."

THE HEMP CROP.

There is compensation in the certainty that, as the Rebels are making an *auto da fe* of their Cotton crop, its ashes fall not fruitlessly upon the "sacred soil," but opportunely fertilize it for the prolific production of hemp; now that the corrugated bands of the Union are tightening their grip, people are beginning to speculate upon the manner of punishment to be meted out to such of the leaders in this ill-advised revolt, as may not swindle Justice by falling upon their own swords, or bowie knives, as the case may be. Hanging is not generally conceded to be a genteel form of expiation. A keen observer of suspensions has given his opinion that "the very worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him:" but this dictum is liable to exception, on the ground that there *is* a worse use to which a man may be put, which the author of the dictum would perhaps acknowledge were he ordered to prepare himself without delay to be hung by one. To return to the point, however, hemp, although not a fashionable flower, seems to be looking up, just now.

General SCOTT, who is a mild man for his size, is reported to have lately expressed himself to a friend, in these terms: "To the more prominent traitors who may be taken, I would mete out a system of judicious but liberal hanging." Parson BROWNLOW, who cannot see hemp by retail, is more extensive, still, in his view of the hanging matter. He wants to resolve himself into a Hanging Committee of one for the whole State of Tennssee, and to get all the rebels there "on a string," at once. The Parson, himself, came so near hemp from his atrocious neighbors at Knoxville, lately, or as he says himself, so near "looking up a rope," that he is quite a judge of the article, now. We think it would not be the "worst use" to which the Rev. Mr. BROWNLOW could be put, were the Government to nominate him for the responsible post of Hangman General. The "judicious but liberal hanging" recommended by General SCOTT would then be carried out with fidelity and dispatch. FLOYD would form an elegant subject for Mr. BROWNLOW's lethal knot. His many crimes would entitle him to be specially commended by his clerical executioner to "the Devil and Tom Walker," occasionally alluded to by the Parson in his popular speeches. BENJAMIN who, from robbing bird's nests when a schoolboy, and stealing from classmates' trunks when a collegian, has acquired a very enviable reputation in a community where light fingers are hardly less respected than light heels, might be selected by the Reverend Executioner as a subject for fancy hanging. Altogether, the topic is a cheerful one, putting us in good humor with the world and everybody in it except those who are bound to go out of it with the assistance of hemp. Hascheesh, as our readers are aware, is a preparation from hemp, and exhilarating in its effects. It is pleasant to the taste, without, however, being Ropy—in which latter quality it is decidedly inferior to the BROWNLOW extract from the same useful vegetable.

A Way the Ladies Have.

Among foreign items the following protrudes;

"Speculation in stocks is just now a mania in Vienna, and the Bourse there is crowded by ladies who speculate largely."

Are we to understand from this that the ancient punishment of the Stocks has been revived at Vienna, and that large numbers of good-looking young male Austrians have been placed in them?

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

OFFICE WIGGLETONIAN,
15*th May*, 1862.

VANITY FAIR:

Certingly, you may make extrax from our collumes, purwided you gin us credit, an we continoo. We wuz fust established gret while ago onto a broad enuff Platform of principels to Suck in all classes so dispoged. Rooted onto the wings of favure, and the top wave of an adwancing Public opinion, it wuz ollers a good paper, tho the pay wuz poor. Sum paid us in hard cider, punkins, grits, spruce gum, et cetery; in wegetables, garding sass, an sich like—sum, as dear Mr. WAGSTAFF used to say onct, (we do hope he wont take no offens) in water, mush, and other millions,—in straw, rasp, blue, black, huckle, goose, mul, and other berries; one Individooal of the lower orders, i pon my word, in Wurrums for bait, but most all on em wouldn't pay nuffin. The quack medcin advertisin' at fust done us good; certingly the pills done us good in one partic'lar, bekase as many folks lived by 'em as what died by em. Finally, howsomever, the publik beöwels, (which was a great loss to us, my dear fren',) kind o gin eöut, and weather plasters or Pills, they would n't swallow 'em. The medicated apple Sass man told us that there warn't no body would take his Sass. SPALDING's glue, who made extensive uset of our collumes, that alsoe must needs stick. Then we were snaked out of post offis Printin', because the other man sed his circoolation beat Ourn, and the on'y way he hed to prove it was *to swear to itt!* O dear, o Dear! if that warnt a *shef doover* of iniquity. We write a good plain Saxton English, but we carnt find no words to express our feelinks. What was the codensequens? A lass, a Lass!—We fell thro.—For the time beink mark you! Arter a while our friens' say to Us,—"PERLEY C. TUCKER, we carnt afford to do without that organ. Children cry for it! The family suckle must hev it!" "Wal," says we, "what'll you do? Hevn't we worked long enuff free gratis, certingly without one partickel of condensation?" "Subscribe's the word," said they, all to Onct. "My Christian friens," sed we, "'twont doo. Subscribin's no wally to Us. We've tried it on, and it wont fit. You mus' pay 'n adwance." They done so, and so, like the gret DANNEL WEBSTER, we still live. There you hev in the compress of an eg shell the hull history of our sheet. Paps we may Continoo, and paps not. While we do speak, itt will be to the porpoise. These is times my dear fren' that tries men's souls, but then agin there's souls that tries the times. A yaller-legged chicking is better nor a white one, and there's a grat differens in men. Doo we make ourselfs essentially self evident on that point? Taint the times that's so bad. They're 's good 's ever they wuz. The clocks strikes the hours reg'lar, the sun shines onto his axle, don't he? their ain't no jog in natur, the fethyerd songsters sing the jujubee of spring, the keöws gin milk, the hens lays egs, the wether's bin uncommonly pleasant for the season of the year, aint no considdibul ameöunt o' sickness, paps less 'n they wuz a spell ago, there's more'n nuff jews—and rain and moister for the crops that we callellate will bring a good price in the next market. Don' talk to us of times tryin' the souls, it's the souls chuck full uv treson that tries the times. It doos seem to us, my dear frien, that's so plain that it strikes right eöut.

Paps ef there's anythink callated to try the times jullike greast into the fire, it's the soul of a wery mean man. Put a pin in thar. The pint of it, ef it was wittled down fifty thousand per centage mor'n tis, would be big nuff for him to build his house onto, and hev a garding-patch and a barn an' paps a pig pen et Cetery. The smallest things ofting put us in wery gret perplexity, as we sed onct to the nats, when we went a fishin' in Orgust.

School learnin' and argooment, my dear fren', we know nothin' about, because like the needle to the Pole, we go in for sheer common sense. A caph that is born with five legs is ater all, not of so murch wally as a caf taint got no mor'n four legs. We wuz once argooing this pint with a very good nabor, who meant well, and did't kno' nuffin, and we done it to draw him eöut. "One leg," sez we, "wouldn't be good for nuffin to speak of, in man or beast, would it?"

"Certingly not."

"Wery well, if two legs is better'n one leg, why isn't three legs better'n two legs?"

"That's proved," sed he, "*ef they wud do good in or'nary suckumstances, an' accorn' to Natur.*"

"Wal," sez we, "you talk jullike a fool. We don't warn't no natur' abeöut it. Isn't it so, accorn to Logick?"

"Oh, jis so," sez he, "accorn to logic, but we dono no more about logict than we doo about Paregorick."

"Then you grant it, do you," sez we, in the mildest way possibul.

"Certingly we do."

Street Boy.—"ROLL ON, OLD BUTTS! DON'T YER KNOW THE P'LEECE HAS ORDERS TO PERWENT OBSTRUCTIN' THE SIDE-WALK WITH BARRELS, AND BALES AND THINGS?"

Easier said than Done.

There is much distress, it appears, in Belgium. We are informed that—"The civil war in America is the cause alleged for it, and there is loud outcry for some measures of relief by a joint action of the European Powers."

We don't know about that Joint action. It seems to us that the European Powers are growing somewhat stiff about their joints, lately,—owing, perhaps, to the fact that they are reserving their joint oil for their joint armor, in prospect of the "tug of war."

The Shifting Sands of Secessia.

A Correspondent of the *Daily Times* makes the following suggestive statement:

"MRS SMOCK and her daughters, who live some three miles out of Fredericksburg, were to-day detected in making signals to the rebels, and arrested by our pickets."

Is there not something in the above curiously indicative of the signal shifts to which the Secessionists have been driven?

A Specimen of our Recklessness.

"The Druids, or Ox-horn Blowers," a company of traveling musicians out West, are severely pitched into by the Keokuk (Iowa) papers, for going off without paying their printing bills; but if the case were ours we think that inasmuch as they are Druids, we should feel like Oxhornorating them from all blame in the matter, if they had served us in that there way.

Con.: By a Retired "Cly-Faker."

Q.—Why is a combat of steam rams like a fight among Detectives?

A.—Because it is a battle of "beaks."

"What of four legs then?"

That struck him.

"That," sed he, "is a monstruous improvement, if it is an animalcule of the calf keind!"

"All right," sed we, "then we got you there, my fren. Neöw, then—if two legs is better nor one leg, an four legs better 'n three legs, why aint five legs better than four legs?"

He was confuzid.

"Cant tell yer," sez he, "and guess they be, accorn to Logick."

"Yes, my dear sur," sez we, comin' to the pint, "and so they be but we wouldn't gin a red cent for logick, when it's agin natur, and comming sense, an' religus instinck."

You will see from this simple nanecdote from what pint of view we take things. We don't want no dictionary. We do our own spellin'. That's the way it wuz two hundred years ago. Every man spelt his own words in 's own way, an' we like it far better than Noses Webster. We don't warnt no books. We think for ourselfs, we hev philosophied for ourselfs, we have made our own gardings and planted our own turnips for ourselfs, and from the ramparts of this kind of self-independens, we fling eöut our bomshells with eagle grip, agin all enemies of the kentry and of the wurruld. We don't fess to be 's wise 's Solomon nor as cun's a fox, but we want to say thinks in our own way no matter how humbly it is, and we don' keer the crack of a flea who don' like it, becase there is sum of the almightiest truths that arter all carnt be put over the rud, and jammed right into the thruts of our fellow critters, no other way whatsumever. It doos seem to us that there is sum Humbugs too. We'll gin it to 'em fore we git thro, an' we don' care ef we roll right head over heels in the full blown luxurous expression of our honest sentimens. Doo we make ourselfs unstood? We write our own stile, whatsever crickets may say about it, an' it is a good stile, tho it waries considdabul from the common run, it does.

We onct knowed a cat. His eyes wus green, his whiskers wus speckled, his thrut wuz sky blue, his Hed was yaller, his clause wuz white, one of his chops got no fur onto it, his ribs was streaked like an Algebra, his belly was vermillion, his right side was tortuous-colored, his ears, one on 'em was chiselled eout in a caticornerd direxion, just whar his tail jined onto his back bone it was scalded off, the hair wuz,—he hed a Diermond patch onto his left hanch,—Onto his forred wuz a grut big tuft, he hed suthin looked like a Dog coller reöund his neck, his tale from the stump to the tip eend was ringed around with alternative white and black, on his chest was a set of warigated spots, the Stars and Stripes of the Flag of our Union was incrusted an' inwolved in the pecooliar markings which wuz all over onto his person as thick as hail stuns, an' we doo think, he was different from any crittur we put neer ever clap our eyes onto in the hull course of our lives. He wuz the originall Jacobs of his këind. He was *Sui Genius*. What wuz the codensequens? My dear fren, we wouldn't a gin him for any other cat in the hull wurruld. He sot us a thinkin' more'n any other cat. We stopt to inwestigate him more'n any other cat. We dreamed over him more'n any other cat. There wuz more sparks cum eöut of him nany other cat, and since the days of the Lud Mare of Lundun (that's the great pint we're comin' to) *he hed more influence over rats and varmint than any other cat.* I never knowd him to kill any, but they runned away from him. He was a wallabel critter, for he done a great deal good, and dint shed no blood. Do we make ourselfs plain? Paps we hev sed more'n we ought, and more'n what we meant to when we sot down. If we sud write to you agin, we shall lay on some hard licks onto Society as itt is neöw constitooted, for there's a great fuss made about wirtue, and a wery a little doin' in that direxion.

I am your affectionate fren' an' brother, in the printin' Bussiness.

PERLEY C. TUCKER.

A Valuable Cow.

We are informed by newspaper authority that "Col. OLMSTEAD, the rebel commander of Fort Pulaski, presented Cal. TERRY of the Connecticut Seventh with a cow, which furnishes the tea and coffee of the officers, with milk."

We can only account to ourselves for the above curious statement by supposing that the cow in question must have once belonged to HERMANN, the Prestidigitateur, and picked up, with her fodder, that wonderful trick of his by which a bottle is made to supply every kind of tipple to order. By feeding a cow of this disposition judiciously with maple leaves, she would doubtless be soon capable of contributing the sugar, as well as the tea, the coffee and the milk to the family tray; while an occasional dose of log-wood might result in her producing a valuable stock of fine crusty old Port bottled in the year 1769.

BRIDGET'S CHARACTER.

Phrenologist.—"GREAT PURPOSE——"
Bridget.—"A GREAT PORPUS! WELL, I'M SURE!"

Mysterious Disappearance of Henry Ward Beecher.

At a meeting of the American Congregational Union, the other night, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, our dear friend BEECHER was advertised to perform, and was at the Academy early in the evening; but when summoned by the call-boy, Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, this eminent artist was missing. The audience was immediately dismissed. An actor has no right thus to trifle with his patrons. The elder BOOTH used to do it; but BEECHER, though good in his line, isn't a BOOTH; and we advise this wayward son of Thespis, when he next makes an engagement at a respectable theatre, not to disappoint the public.

Con, By a Hickory Quaker.

Q.—Why is a non-combatant like a favorite fancy stock in the N. Y. Board?

A.—Because he is a Pacific Male.

A Boston Notion.

They are very particular about the Thermometer, in Boston. We have always remarked that the Boston *Transcript*, for instance, reports the thermometer with great care; and we were told, lately, that the Police have received strict orders to take up all Thermometers found falling in the streets of Boston.

To Anxious Shepherds.

In reply to the numerous applicants who enquire of us where the Rams intended for the rebutting of Rebellion are to be seen, we say, once for all, that they are to be seen in the Folds of the Anaconda.

Looming Darkly upon the Distant Horizon.

The Silk Looms of France.

JEFF'S PROCLAMATION.

FREELY PARAPHRASED.

With gunboats of ungodly size, roofed o'er with iron deck tiles,
With most unrighteous-looking guns and fiendish projectiles,
With batteries of scalding steam, and other aids mechanical,
Unknown in Christendom till now—all specialties satanical.
An enemy is at our gates, impatient to subdue us,
And every day his *feu d enfer* goes smashing through and through us;
So let us call on Heaven for help, before this thing goes farther,
Since if that help is long delayed, we shall be past it—rather.

Our rectitude we know 's first-class, but yet there's no relying—
On consciousness of native worth, to send these Yankee flying;
Tophet with good intents is paved, and ours despite our bragging,
Seem of the somewhat worthless kind, with which fiends do their flagging;
Our martyrs fall amazing fast, we haven't time to bury 'em,
Our living heroes want for breath, so much the victors hurry 'em;
Therefore non-combatants with me, while others do the slaying,
Down on your marrow-bones *en masse*, lets try a spell of praying.

At Pittsburgh Landing, BEAUREGARD, brim-full of pagan daring,
Made, in the hope to mend our luck, th' experiment of swearing;
But as his trust in blasphemy, vexation, proved and vanity,
And Belzebub won't lend a hand—to Hades with profanity.
It shent be said in future times we made a fatal blunder,
In leaving out the pious dodge—we'll try it on by thunder!
So bullies go for once to church—profanity ignoring,
And, since defying Heaven don't do, betake you to imploring.

To this end, lest a worse should come, do I, JEFF. DAVIS, President,
Now, though I know not for how long, in Richmond city resident,
Issue to you, beloved Confeds, my solemn proclamation,
To meet—if not on the stampede—for humble supplication,
On Friday, the Sixteenth of May, (the hangman's day is *my* day,)
And make it (as you have good cause) a thorough-going *sigh* day;
To pay his best in duty bound each faithful rebel knave is,
So let the thing be done up brown, for things look black,

JEFF. DAVIS.

GEN. PRENTISS.

This oratorical warrior—if we may believe the reports—is making Union speeches to Secession crowds in Memphis, and with the most distinguished and signal success. True, the Provost Marshal of that city did (according to the correspondent of a Western journal) venture to mildly remonstrate, when the intrepid and golden-voiced PRENTISS called the inhabitants "vipers;" but there was enthusiastic applause, if we may credit the same authority, and the Illinois warrior kept right on. Perhaps we shall be told that Gen. PRENTISS has tweaked the Provost Marshal's nose and bunged the eyes of a large number of citizen Secessionists "amidst tremendous applause." Why not? They apparently like being called "vipers"—why shouldn't they be pleased at a little rougher usage? But Gen. PRENTISS, so brave and patriotic in Memphis, doesn't tell us how or for what possible reason he suffered his entire brigade to slip into the hands of BEAUREGARD, at Shiloh. Alas! this prairie warrior hadn't any such thing about him as a piece of generalship on that occasion; and we fear this rumor of his bold eloquence in the heart of Secession is a gag of elephantine proportions, originated and promulgated by somebody who hopes to thus galvanize his action at Shiloh. And if the gag shall prove a success, PRENTISS will be in a far better condition than a General or two of higher rank in that gallantly fought but disgracefully directed battle. You have heard us!

A Nut for Scotchmen

A newspaper paragraph informs us that:

"A female dromedary, belonging to a menagerie exhibited at Stirling, Scotland, has lately given birth to a promising infant dromedary—the first ever born upon English soil."

Surely there must be a mistake here. Is it possible that the writer of the above paragraph does not know that all the Campbells originally came from Scotland?

The Smell of Burning Cotton.

Is it not with a view to their last Bolt that the Rebels are now engaged in destroying their great Staple?